

[A Well-Rounded Education](#) by [Luddleston](#)

Series: [Lessons in Love \[1\]](#)

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Summary:

"This is just another thing Achilles is teaching you," he told himself, "it's like learning to fight. Except naked. And sweaty. With another man atop you—damn it, it's nothing like learning to fight." Well, maybe a little bit. Just with the addition of nudity.

Achilles has been teaching Zagreus how to handle a sword for years. Now, it's time for a very different sort of lesson.

1. Lesson One

Author's Note:

For the kinkmeme prompt: Zag is hot for teacher. Achilles teaches him how to fuck in between teaching him how to fight.

Hopefully there will be a sequel incoming shortly ft. Zag not being able to handle his horny during actual swordfighting training <3

This was how you knew something was going severely wrong:

Zagreus had spent the last three hours cleaning his room.

Correction. Zagreus had spent the last two and a half hours cleaning his room, and the last thirty minutes lying in various positions on his bed, attempting to figure out which was the most sensual. Because that was totally a thing that competent men did before they, uh.

Blood and darkness, if he couldn't even *think* the word, how was he supposed to be expected to actually do the sex part?

He rolled onto his stomach and buried his face in the pillow, figuring that if his feet couldn't set the bed linens on fire, there was no way the heat of his burning flush could do the same. He had no idea what he was doing. He also supposed this was the point.

"This is just another thing Achilles is teaching you," he told himself, rolling onto his back again, giving up on the seduction angle because it felt practically hopeless. "It's like learning to fight. Except naked. And sweaty. With another man atop you—*damn it, it's nothing like learning to fight.*" Well, maybe a little bit. Just with the addition of nudity.

The longer he lay there, the more worries crept in and the more he had to bat them away with whatever reassurances he could conjure for himself. What if he was terrible at it? Well, then, Achilles would help him improve. Except he didn't *want* Achilles to have to help him improve, he just wanted

to be *good at it*, with or without Achilles' help. He wanted to seem as if he'd known what he was doing all along.

Except not too much. Because if he was too good at it, maybe Achilles would decide he didn't need further tutelage.

So, in summation: he had to seem as if he knew what he was doing well enough to impress Achilles, but not so well that Achilles deemed him so advanced he did not require assistance. Right. Sure. He could definitely thread that needle while doing something he'd never done before, with someone he respected and admired and thought about perhaps a bit too often when he was alone in his room and, uh. Ahem.

Maybe he could convince Dusa to show him how to get up into the rafters and hide.

Before his cowardice won over, though, he heard the gentle sound of the curtains that blocked his bedroom from the main hall opening, and he shot upright just in time to see Achilles walking into his room.

Achilles looked just as serene and even-tempered as always as he entered, giving Zagreus his usual gentle smile. It relaxed Zagreus, however minutely, to see Achilles treat this as no more than one of their usual encounters, although he was without his spear and dressed simply, his armor left in his chambers.

"You seem a bit more... restless, than usual, lad," Achilles observed, probably because Zagreus was bouncing his foot so fast sparks were flying from him.

"Oh! No, I'm fine," he said, forcibly stilling himself. "I was just, uh. Getting ready for this. You know. Just... getting... focused?" *Focused?* Ugh.

Achilles laid his hand on Zagreus' knee, the touch similar to how he'd pat his shoulder to reassure him after he'd taken a particularly bad fall in their usual training. "It's quite alright to be nervous. If you wish to just go through our usual training today, we can certainly do so."

Gods, did he look like such a mess Achilles was worried he wasn't ready for this? "No! No, I want to. Do this. The, uh." *Don't say sex training, literally say anything but that, there had to be an official name for this stuff that Achilles had mentioned back when he'd brought it up, if he just thought for a moment—* "Sex training." DAMMIT.

Achilles only laughed, taking a seat next to him, closer than usual, so that Zagreus had to put his feet over the edge of the bed to avoid driving his knee into Achilles' thigh. His hand was on Zagreus' back now, a much more familiar form of contact. "While this is often practiced for someone of your station, it is not necessary that we do everything according to common practice. If you'd rather simply talk, I would be perfectly alright with that. I'm willing to answer whatever you may ask."

"Did you do this with somebody, too? When you were my age?"

A strange look passed over Achilles' face, a momentary frown as his eyes left Zagreus'. He recovered quickly, becoming more wistful than pensive, and said, "yes, there was someone."

"That's... nice I suppose. What sort of things did you do? Or talk about, if that's..."

Achilles shook his head—he wasn't wearing his usual headband and one of his golden curls fell in his face. "What I did in my mortal life isn't important just now, Zagreus. I would rather know what you want of this."

Zagreus looked between Achilles' face and his own hands, balled tight in his lap. "I... don't know," he finally admitted. "Is that bad?"

"No." Achilles set one of his hands atop Zagreus', urging him to uncurl his fist. "I think that's quite honest of you. As a prince, one of the things you should be educated in is how to treat a lover, but that education may come in many forms." He did the same to Zagreus' other hand, massaging his palm once his grip unclenched. "Although, I have noticed with you that it is most effective to demonstrate things in person, rather than simply telling you about them."

He certainly did learn martial techniques better when Achilles walked him through the motions rather than describing it to him. The same would likely prove true in... other arenas.

"I do agree that I'll learn better that way," he admitted, "but..."

Achilles did not respond, but the look in his eyes prompted Zagreus to go on.

"I'm mostly concerned that I'll be just awful at it, really, sir. That sort of thing shouldn't matter, of course, but... it's you." *I only want to be good for you.*

One of Zagreus' laurel leaves floated between the two of them, landing in Achilles' lap. He picked it up, rubbing it between his thumb and forefinger. "I don't think you have to worry about that, lad. You know I won't let you falter if I don't think you can take the fall."

"I know." The gold of the leaf looked so bright in Achilles' fingers.

"So? I ask again, what do you want of this?"

Zagreus reached out this time, brushing Achilles' hair out of his face and over his shoulder. "I want all that you can teach me, sir."

Achilles breathed out slow, his hand turning so that he could squeeze Zagreus' knee. "Good lad," he said, and that compliment, something Achilles frequently passed to him during training, made him shudder, like something molten had been poured down his spine and settled somewhere deep inside him.

He leaned in as though pulled by a string, until his hands pressed against Achilles' chest and his nose brushed Achilles' cheek. Achilles' hand came to rest over Zagreus' on his chest, and when he spoke again, Zagreus could feel the breath of his words against his cheekbone.

"You're trembling, a little," he said, and Zagreus noticed that, yes, he was correct.

"It's not... I'm not afraid, or anything," he said. More, he had an excess of energy that was filling his body and no idea what to do with it. He wanted *something* to happen. He had no idea what.

"I must ask, how intimate have you been with somebody?" Achilles' thumb rubbed over Zagreus' knuckles. "Have you ever kissed someone?"

"No." Zagreus' eyes closed, and he breathed in. He hadn't expected shades to have a scent to them, but Achilles smelled like something fresh, herbal, like the incense that burned in the great hall, but brighter. "Is that bad?"

"Of course not. I simply wanted to ensure that I treated you with proper care, if you were choosing to give me your first."

There was an unspoken question tucked in there, and Zagreus' heart beat so hard he could feel the pulse in his throat as he replied. "I am."

Achilles continued to hold Zagreus' hand against his chest as he tipped his chin forward to close the gap between them, his opposite hand resting on the back of Zagreus' neck, his thumb nudging just so against Zagreus' skull to tilt his head just the slightest degree. Despite not being alive, his mouth was warm, and it was all too easy for Zagreus to lean into him, to let Achilles press them together for just the slightest bit longer before pulling back.

Zagreus' tongue wet his lower lip, but Achilles was still so close that his tongue brushed Achilles' lips, too. It made Achilles pull in a breath, made him hold Zagreus' hand just the slightest bit tighter. Zagreus *had* to do it again.

He licked over Achilles' lower lip, tasting the low noise that slipped between Achilles' teeth as he did. Achilles didn't move, let Zagreus make the choice to kiss him again, which he did, maybe a little over-enthusiastically. One of his hands slid from Achilles' chest up around his shoulders, gripping tight. He found himself wanting to push forward, to practically climb into Achilles' lap.

Achilles accepted his affections gracefully, his hand on the back of Zagreus' head guiding him into each kiss. His opposite hand settled on Zagreus' hip, steadying him, but also fueling Zagreus' need for more contact. He squeezed, nowhere near tight enough to hurt, but the strength in his grip made Zagreus gasp into the kiss, and he was rewarded with the brush of Achilles' tongue against his.

Yes.

It was far too quick when Achilles pulled away, and Zagreus found himself chasing after, his mouth nudging against the corner of Achilles' when Achilles turned his head just a fraction. "I take it you are enjoying everything so far?" he asked.

"Yes." Zagreus tilted his chin to kiss Achilles again, firm but short-lived, as he had to pull away to speak again. "Am I doing alright?" He was less worried for a bad response than he'd thought he'd be, but his heart raced anyway, anticipation screwing deeper into him at every second it took Achilles to respond.

"You're doing wonderfully," he said, and Zagreus preened quite like Cerberus when someone scratched under the chin of his leftmost head. Achilles stroked his hair, untangling some strands that had become caught in his laurels. "You needn't worry about how you are performing, though. Just let your body feel what it may, and respond how you desire."

If he responded how he desired, he'd be pressed wholly against Achilles already, indulging the already-growing ache between his legs. "I... don't want to be too much, too fast," he admitted.

"You won't be," Achilles said, stroking down his hip to his thigh. "In the same way you must let me know if I push you too far, you must trust me to do the same. Alright?"

"Alright," Zagreus said, still dubious that the immediacy of his feelings would be met with anything but an order to slow down. Achilles was asking for it, though.

Zagreus swung one leg over Achilles' to straddle his lap, using the force of his weight and the advantage of surprise to send both of them tumbling flat on the bed, kissing Achilles again, and gods, horizontal was *good*, but it wasn't quite perfect.

As promised, though, Achilles gave as good as he got, easily rolling Zagreus over with a throw he could've avoided if this was another sort of training, but embraced when it meant Achilles got him on his back with one of Zagreus' thighs trapped between his legs. Zagreus rolled his hips up, desperately wanting *something*, and Achilles' hand went to his hip again, holding him firm against the mattress, not letting Zagreus move. They'd barely tussled for a moment, but Zagreus' chest heaved with his breath, and he worried for the next time Achilles pinned him like this in training. If his cock got this hard, it might be a problem.

"Your concerns weren't without cause, it seems," Achilles said. "You may not want to go about tackling most of your lovers—I don't mind it, myself."

At least there was that. "I'm starting to think I'd prefer it if my future lovers tackled *me*," Zagreus noted. Achilles' knee was planted between his legs, scant inches from his cock, and Zagreus wanted nothing more than to grind down against him, rutting like he'd done alone in this bed with one of his overstuffed pillows between his thighs.

"Do you like this, then? Being beneath me?"

Zagreus bit his lower lip so hard he nearly bled with the effort to keep his response from turning into an embarrassingly loud moan.

"I... suppose I shouldn't have put it like that—"

"Yes," he said, when he finally managed words. It sounded as deeply aroused as moaning would have, though. "Yes, I like being beneath you." He clutched at Achilles' biceps, not to pry him away but to keep him right where he was at. "Kiss me again, like this. Please."

"Of course," Achilles said, and obliged. This time, he did not start slow. Zagreus was eager for it, opening his mouth to let Achilles take him. He

loosened his grip so that he was simply holding Zagreus instead of holding him down, which gave Zagreus ample room to shift closer to him, finally pressing against Achilles' knee, his hands sinking into Achilles' hair. If Achilles minded Zagreus rubbing off against him like that—well, he must not have, because he promised to stop Zagreus from doing anything that bothered him.

Zagreus did not realize until Achilles' full body-weight settled on him and he could feel the stiffness of Achilles' cock through their clothing that he was equally aroused by this. Up until that moment, a small part of Zagreus had assumed this was all somewhat performative on Achilles' behalf, but his body was not obligated to respond. This was all real, and *he* was the one affecting Achilles. The high of that realization reminded him of the singular time he and Hypnos had broken into his father's seemingly endless supply of wine.

He whined when Achilles pulled away, too out of his head to remember to be embarrassed by such a plaintive noise. "Achilles—don't stop," he begged, but Achilles hushed him, pressing one more kiss to his mouth to placate him.

"I thought I'd show you something else I think you'll like. Is that alright?" Achilles asked, and as much as Zagreus wanted to keep doing what they'd been doing, he nodded, afraid that if he spoke he'd just beg another kiss from Achilles.

Achilles urged him to tip his head back, and he set his mouth to Zagreus' neck this time, kissing and licking over the soft skin of his throat. He supposed that for a mortal, this would be an act of submission, to allow another into one's most vulnerable places. At least to a degree, it was the same for Zagreus. He wasn't mortal, of course, but he was also not invulnerable.

"The body," Achilles explained, his words blowing air over the places his tongue had been and making Zagreus shiver, "has many places that react to pleasure, beyond the obvious." He deliberately rubbed his thigh against Zagreus' cock as though 'the obvious' needed demonstrating, and Zagreus

breathed out a high-pitched moan, grinding into the touch. "I will show you all of them, in time, if you like."

"I do. Want that." He swallowed, and Achilles' thumb rubbed over the bob in his throat as he did. Every touch wound him tighter and tighter, and he became quickly certain that he was going to come before he managed to get his clothes off.

Getting his clothes off would also require him to separate himself from Achilles, which was the very last thing he wanted.

"All right, lad?" Achilles asked him, tracing the line of his jaw. Distantly, Zagreus could hear sparks popping from his feet, which were flaring up from the intensity.

"Yes. I'm just a little..."

Overwhelmed. Overcome. *Desperate.*

Achilles rubbed against his cock again and Zagreus bucked into the touch, the heat collecting deep inside him flaring bright. "*Oh, Achilles, I need—*"

"Tell me," Achilles said, his voice remarkably steady even as Zagreus continued to grind against him.

"I don't know," he admitted. His eyes stung almost as if he was tearing up, and he closed them, which only made it easier to focus on the sensation of Achilles' hand running up Zagreus' side, then back down again, a soothing counterpoint to the desperate rock of Zagreus' hips.

"Do you need to slow down—" *No.* He shook his head. "Do you need me to touch you somewhere else, then?" *Maybe?* "Do you need me to get you off?"

"Yes, yes, yes," he chanted, his hand in Achilles' hair becoming a fist, not pulling, just clinging.

Achilles drew himself up until he was on his knees again, the lack of contact made acceptable by the fact that he was pulling away so that he

could shove the hem of Zagreus' chiton up. His fingers lingered at the edge of Zagreus' leggings. "May I—"

"Touch me." There may have been an end to that question, but Zagreus had no time for it. He felt like every ounce of blood in his veins was boiling, only tempered by the deep sense of satisfaction that burrowed into him when Achilles got his hand around Zagreus' cock. He exhaled all at once, his breath shaky, and he let go of Achilles' hair, running his fingers through it instead.

"That's it, lad," Achilles encouraged him, "you've done so well. Will you come for me, Zagreus?"

He didn't answer in so many words, thrusting into Achilles' hand and spilling into his fist instead, not sure whether he was crying out or cursing or calling Achilles' name. He felt as if his orgasm lasted double what it did whenever he touched himself, and he punctuated it by kissing Achilles again, messy and breathless and *perfect*.

He was smiling when he pulled away.

"That good, hm?" Achilles joked, a smile of his own curling onto his lips.

"So good," Zagreus sighed, his eyes rolling back in his head despite himself. "I understand how Aphrodite can so successfully ply people with sex, now."

Achilles laughed. "It's my aim to teach you so that you do *not* become the sort of person who can be so seduced, Zagreus."

Zagreus pulled him in again, speaking against Achilles' lips. "I suppose I need some more education, then, sir."

"I suppose you do."

2. Lesson Two

Summary for the Chapter:

Zagreus can't quite figure out how to ask Achilles for another *lesson*.

Notes for the Chapter:

Welcome to the 'Zag can't control his horny during combat training' chapter! Also, the continuing saga of 'Zag discovers he's a bottom'!

Chapter count extended once again, because I, uh. Have more ideas.

Achilles hadn't brought up the subject of another 'lesson,' and Zagreus suspected it was because Achilles was waiting on him to broach the subject. He would've done so already, if it weren't for the one major problem:

He had no idea how to casually bring it up in conversation.

Hey, remember that time you were going to teach me how to do sex and then I literally could not handle anything beyond kissing you? Let's see if I'm less of a disaster this time. No. That might give Achilles the impression that Zag wouldn't be a disaster, which would be wrong.

Sir, you know that thing I said about further education? Too easy to confuse with the time he'd asked Achilles something about training with a spear.

You know, I still haven't quite determined how to seduce somebody, so I'm just going to say this straight out. Still sort of weird.

I can't exactly mark the passage of days very well around here, but I'm pretty sure I've jerked off more than daily thinking about your mouth. Perhaps a bit too honest.

Also, I didn't even get to touch your dick last time. Definitely a bit too honest.

"Watch yourself, lad," Achilles said, as he nearly stabbed Zagreus straight through his midsection because Zagreus was too busy thinking about how to tell Achilles he'd rather like to see him naked.

He recovered, countering Achilles' next attempt at attack with an upward swipe of his sword. The motion didn't quite have the follow-through he usually managed, and he didn't leave Achilles open for a counterattack, so he was sent right back to defending himself against Achilles' next engagement.

"You seem distracted," Achilles noted, "it's been a while since you've lost concentration like this."

He cringed, knowing that he was specifically supposed to not be allowing his more *personal* training to conflict with his combat training, and also knowing that he was giving Achilles way too much ground. He was only a few steps away from being backed into a corner.

"I'm... finding myself a little preoccupied, sir." If he was playing this right, he would've used the fact that Achilles was splitting his attention between processing what Zagreus was saying and defending himself to his advantage. He would've tucked and rolled to get around Achilles and put the center of the courtyard at his back. It shouldn't have been a challenge, he even had the benefit of knowing his opponent, the exact distance of Achilles' reach, the amount of time it would take for him to swing, the weight of his sword.

Zagreus didn't put any of that knowledge to work, and it meant he quickly ended up wedged against the railing with Achilles' blade against his throat, his master closing in until there was no way Zagreus could escape without plummeting over the edge and into the depths of Tartarus.

"It seems you are more than 'a little' preoccupied," Achilles said. "I wonder with what." Despite the fact that he could dispatch Zagreus immediately from this angle, Zagreus knew he wouldn't, and it turned what would have been an occasion for fear into something else entirely.

Rather than staring Achilles down, giving him a grudging word of surrender, and shoving him back away, Zagreus tipped his head back and bared more of his throat.

"Do you yield?" Achilles asked.

Zagreus would have yielded everything to him, but it also meant Achilles would step away, allowing them to return to the center of the courtyard and start another round. Zagreus wanted him to stay close, wanted the press of Achilles' body against his. He swallowed, swore he could feel just the slightest touch of the blade to his throat, so gentle it wouldn't break skin even though it was sharp as a razor.

"Zagreus."

I yield. It was all he was supposed to say. Two simple words.

Somehow, instead, the two words that came from his lips were: "Please, sir."

Achilles made a soft noise of shock, soon drowned out by the clatter of metal against stone as he dropped his sword. The look on his face was pure astonishment, and Zagreus couldn't work out whether that was positive or negative, thus far. "Please, what, exactly?"

Zagreus hadn't been asking for anything in particular, but there *was* something he wanted.

"Kiss me."

Achilles took a step back, the clear rejection making Zagreus' heart cave in on itself. "I think we're done here for the day," he said, walking away from Zagreus and heading for the door to Zagreus' room, for the way out. Zagreus remained still until Achilles was almost at the door, only coming to and following after him when Achilles looked over his shoulder, scooping up both their weapons on the way.

"I'm sorry, sir, I—" He batted his way through the curtain only to find that Achilles was still standing in the middle of his room, having laid both swords aside, and was undoing his bracers.

Why was Achilles removing his armor here? He neatly set it piece by piece atop a chest that was full of various random trinkets Zagreus had acquired over time.

"Sir?"

"I apologize if I seem a bit abrupt," Achilles said, unlacing his whole breastplate, wait, was he about to take *everything* off? "But I do think it's time we continue your education on more personal matters."

"Oh, gods. I thought I'd made you angry, with my... whatever I said."

Achilles' eyebrows raised as he met Zagreus' eyes. "Angry? No, of course not." He extended a hand, beckoning Zagreus closer. Zagreus clasped his forearm and Achilles returned the gesture, something he usually would do to pull Zagreus up after he'd knocked him down. Just a momentary touch before he beckoned Zagreus to resume the fight.

This time, he used his grip to pull Zagreus closer to him, until they were pressed chest-to-chest. Zagreus tried to reconcile this spur-of-the-moment encounter with what this kind of intimate training was *supposed* to be—Achilles coming by at a prescribed hour and with explicit purpose in mind. The way he drew Zagreus into his embrace now was spontaneous, almost... almost like it would be with a real lover.

"You've no idea what you look like when you beg, Zagreus," Achilles said. "Eros himself would have a more difficult time attracting someone."

He was certain he didn't look so attractive now, not with the way he was gaping. It took him far too long to remember to close his mouth. "I, uh. I was going to ask you about another lesson. You know. One of *those* lessons. I thought about how to say it. But I could never get the words out."

Achilles hummed, letting go of Zagreus' forearm to pet down his side instead, settling on his waist (over his clothing, though he could just as easily have touched bare skin. "I'd like you to get more comfortable with asking for what you want," he said. He patted Zagreus' waist once before taking a step back, no longer touching, just waiting. "Will you practice that with me? What did you picture yourself saying, when you imagined asking me for another lesson?"

"It was all quite silly," he admitted, ruffling the back of his hair, a nervous habit that only served to make it stick up in every direction.

"That's alright." The corners of Achilles' mouth lifted in a smile. "Lovemaking doesn't have to be serious. Being able to laugh with your partner is half the fun."

"As long as you won't laugh *at* me."

"Never."

Zagreus breathed deep, attempting to organize his thoughts and failing fast. Probably better not to overthink it, right? "I... found myself regretting that last time, the both of us ended up remaining more or less clothed, and that you didn't, um. Finish." He realized that as he spoke, his attention drifted from Achilles' eyes, and he looked up again instead, squaring himself almost like he would before a fight as he completed his proposition. "I want to touch you this time. Preferably below the waist. Preferably while neither of us have any clothes on."

Achilles was grinning, probably because asking him not to laugh at Zagreus at the moment had been a bit of a tall order. "I think we can make that happen."

"Oh, good!" Zagreus brightened at the easy way Achilles agreed to his requests. "Uh. How... do we make that happen?"

This did make Achilles laugh, but Zagreus found he didn't mind. It wasn't that Achilles was finding amusement in Zagreus' awkwardness, more that

he genuinely found joy in the odd things Zagreus said. "How about you start by helping me finish undressing?" he asked.

Zagreus' own grin got a little bit sharper. "Oh, absolutely, sir."

Achilles, Zagreus was deciding, wore far too much clothing. The floor-length robe did absolutely nothing to reveal how toned he was. Sure, Zagreus knew his strength well, but seeing it on display was a different beast entirely. And perhaps he was intrigued by a little more than Achilles' athleticism.

Achilles was unselfconscious about his nakedness, and Zagreus remembered that public nudity was much more common on the surface, where it was possible to become overheated by the sun during sporting events and the like. And, after all, he had nothing to be self-conscious about. Looking at him bare, Zagreus was reminded that Achilles had divine ancestry. He was perfectly formed, not a single mark or scar on him, his skin a gorgeously even bronze.

"You know, I'd tell you not to just stare at your lover like that," Achilles said, tapping at his chin as he thought, "but the look on your face is as flattering as any compliment anyone's ever given me."

What face? Was he making a face? The part of his mind that kept him from making ridiculous faces was shut off because he needed most of his brainpower to constantly remind himself *not to stare at Achilles' cock*, no matter how much he was thinking of how it'd feel in his hand, as he stroked Achilles to full hardness.

Achilles stepped closer, unfastening Zagreus' pauldron (not like he was about to start doing so himself, after all). "All right, lad?" he asked, as he unbuckled his belt and let his chiton fall loose once unbound. "You're red down to here." He indicated the spot on Zagreus' sternum where his flush had spread.

"Yes. Well. Bit overwhelmed, I guess. You're so lovely, I just..." he shrugged out of his chiton, reaching out and brushing just his fingertips down Achilles' abdomen, watching muscle ripple as he sucked in a breath.

"Take a seat, Zagreus, let me finish undressing you, too." Were Achilles' eyes just a bit darker, now? It was as though his pupil had widened despite the lack of shift in the light.

Zagreus obeyed, to Achilles' approving whisper of, *that's good*, and Achilles knelt before him, reaching behind Zagreus' calf to unbuckle his greaves. He had to practically put his foot in Achilles' lap for him to do it, crouched as he was, and when his toes brushed Achilles' thigh, Achilles inhaled sharply, his hands moving with a little more urgency as he continued undoing Zagreus' armor.

"They don't burn," he remarked, and Zagreus realized he was referring to his feet.

"Oh. Uh, no. I suppose it wouldn't bother a shade—they certainly don't bother gods." He used to be pulled into bed with Hypnos all the time when they were children, so that he could be used as a living hot water bottle. It was torture, for somebody who didn't want to stay in one place.

"It's a nice warmth," Achilles said, his thumb stroking up Zagreus' insole. It was just a bit too light, too ticklish, and Zagreus would have reflexively kicked Achilles in the side if Achilles hadn't caught his ankle. "Watch yourself, lad. Not everybody has my reflexes."

"Well, then they shouldn't tickle me," Zagreus countered.

Having fully divested him of his armor, Achilles reached for his leggings, urging Zagreus to lift his hips so that he could peel them down.

Despite Achilles being just as naked as he was, Zagreus was suddenly shy, a strange urge to cover himself stirred up under Achilles' evaluating stare. He set a hand on his thigh, keeping his cock in shadow, a little awkward over the fact that he was almost completely hard without Achilles so much as touching him.

This didn't escape Achilles' notice, and he set his hand on Zagreus' knee. "You don't have to worry about appearing eager."

"I'm not worried about that!" he lied.

"Aren't you?"

"It's just..." he shifted, wishing that Achilles would look anywhere but directly at him. He probably looked unattractive anyhow, pale and short and unable to sit still. "I'm not entirely used to somebody else seeing me like this." Of *course* he wasn't, that was the entire point of Achilles being here. It felt like something he'd say to anybody who saw him like this, though. If he didn't acknowledge his anxieties, he'd never push through the awkwardness.

"I see," Achilles said, climbing onto the bed beside him. "Up here, then, lie down. Don't focus on the fact that someone is looking at you."

Easy for him to say. Zagreus moved closer to him, mirroring Achilles' pose, so that both of them were half-lying on their sides, a handspan of space between them. "What if... would it be strange if I closed my eyes?" He'd been half a step from asking Achilles to close *his* eyes, but that seemed deeply childish, asking someone to avert their gaze from his nudity. With his own eyes closed, Achilles could have been looking at him or across the room, and Zagreus would never know. At least then, if he wasn't comfortable, he could imagine that Achilles wasn't focused on him.

"No, that's not a problem," Achilles said. "Close your eyes, then, and lie on your back. Is it alright if I touch you?"

"That's always alright by me." Zagreus settled, with his hands folded over his stomach, almost like he was sleeping (not that he'd done that in ages).

With his eyes shut, he could not predict when Achilles was going to touch him, so when Achilles' fingers brushed his shoulder, he jumped, startled enough that Achilles felt the need to soothe him with murmured platitudes. He traced down to his chest, following the line of his pectoral. Achilles' thumb brushed over Zagreus' nipple, and he startled again, almost opening his eyes but screwing them closed tighter instead.

"That's... a bit much." His skin was already unused to someone else's touch, and anywhere that was particularly sensitive felt like it was buzzing when Achilles touched him.

Achilles, it seemed, had a talent for finding these places. There was a spot on Zagreus' ribs that made him cry out, and one low on his stomach that made him lift his hands and grasp Achilles' shoulders.

"Is it a pleasant kind of 'a bit much,' at least?" Achilles asked, and he must have been leaning over Zagreus, because Zag could feel Achilles' hair brush against his collarbone. He bent closer—Zagreus had known Achilles' mouth against his neck felt good, but he'd forgotten just *how* good. It had him tipping his head back like he had when Achilles' sword pressed to his throat, but with soft lips against his skin instead of unyielding metal.

"Ah... yeah. I think so." Zagreus squeezed Achilles' shoulders, huffing as a strand of Achilles' hair stuck to his lip.

When Zagreus opened his eyes, Achilles was leaning away, reaching behind his head to pull his hair over his shoulder and out of the way. The motion was simple, the sort of thing he did every day, given how long and curly his hair was, but the way that it made his bicep flex had Zagreus reaching out for him, splaying a hand across his jaw and neck to pull him back in.

"Kiss me," he said, "please. I want—"

Achilles required no more begging from him, and cut off his pleas halfway through with his mouth sealed over Zagreus'.

He kept touching Zagreus as he kissed him, mouth and hands working in tandem as he once more sought out all those spots that had been *a bit much* before. His touch was firmer now, stroking Zagreus' skin rather than just tracing the contours of his muscle. Zagreus returned his touches, enjoying the way Achilles tensed for just a moment before relaxing into it, making soft noises of pleasure into their kiss that had Zagreus greedy for more.

If he reached down lower, between Achilles' legs, would he...?

Achilles broke the kiss to hiss Zagreus' name, his gentle voice sharpened. Zagreus' hand curled loosely around his cock, thumb stroking up the underside.

"Is that... is it good?" he asked, trying to match his movements to the way Achilles had touched him during their last lesson, rather than the way he touched himself when he was alone. Achilles' hand had been gentler, easing Zagreus into things rather than stroking fast, with the express purpose of getting him off. That was how it was, Zagreus supposed, with a lover. You wanted to draw things out.

"It's good," Achilles said, the way he couldn't stop a little groan from escaping his throat proving that he wasn't just saying it to flatter Zagreus. "Keep going."

Perhaps, Zagreus decided, this would be more comfortable on Achilles' part if he was positioned the way Zagreus had been during their last encounter, on his back. He pushed at Achilles' shoulder, and Achilles tumbled over so much more easily than he did during combat training, allowing Zagreus to maneuver him until he was spread out beneath him.

For a moment, Zagreus forgot to breathe. He wasn't certain he could remember how if he tried.

Achilles was gorgeous like this, the lamplight spilling warm over every contour of his body, his hair fanning out around him like a crown of the finest gold. Shades didn't need to breathe, but when they were feeling particularly human, their bodies went through the motion anyway. This act, it seemed, made Achilles almost mortal, his chest heaving with effort quite unlike how he was when he faced Zagreus in battle and was barely ruffled even after hours of exertion. Zagreus had never seen Achilles react like this to anything, but he wanted to see more of it, to watch Achilles come unwound beneath him.

"Do you need to slow down?" Achilles asked, half sitting up, taking Zagreus' brief moment of awe for hesitation.

He shook his head. "I was just admiring you, sir."

Achilles smiled and reached for Zagreus' hands, pulling them close so that Zagreus' palms were flat against his chest. "Perhaps try admiring me with your touch, then."

"Would you like that?" Zagreus asked, already trying out the spots where Achilles' hands had sparked attention in his own body. Achilles was particularly fond of touches to his collarbone, Zagreus found, and the line of his hips.

"I think you know I do," Achilles said. "Should have known you'd be just as smart-mouthed in bed as you are out of it."

"Maybe I should avoid that in the future, when I'm with people who aren't so used to it," Zagreus said.

"It's part of your charm," Achilles said, and then offered no more explanation, because Zagreus had decided to test whether Achilles would enjoy Zagreus' mouth on his collarbone as much as he'd enjoyed his fingers tracing it. If his soft cry and the way he clutched at the back of Zagreus' head, ruffling his laurels, was any indication, he did.

Achilles' free hand wound around his hips, urging Zagreus to settle his weight fully, so that his cock rubbed against Achilles'. Zagreus' mouth dropped open and his hips rolled forward of their own accord, and *gods*, they'd done something to this effect before but it was so much *better* when there weren't any pesky clothes in the way. Zagreus could finish himself off dangerously fast like this, his lack of experience making every moment of skin-on-skin contact something revolutionary.

But he'd come into this with a mission. And Achilles had been willing to allow him to fulfil it.

He pressed his mouth to Achilles' for just a second, pulling away before the kiss could turn hungry. "Show me how to get you off," he said, "I should know how to do that, if I'm to be a competent lover." Any hesitation about his requests sounding strange had been cast aside.

"What a good boy," Achilles said, petting through his hair. The praise, coupled with his smile, made Zagreus squirm, wanting once more just to rut against Achilles until he came.

He wouldn't. He'd be good instead. He eased himself off Achilles, reclining next to him instead, his hands still running over the places on Achilles' neck and chest he'd been kissing. The lack of pressure on his cock was of very little relief, but he kept himself in places regardless. "I mean it, Achilles. I want to make it good for you."

"I've no doubt you will." Achilles pulled Zagreus in to kiss him again—one of those kisses that felt less like part of a lesson and more like Achilles just *wanted* a kiss. "What you were doing with your hand before was a good start," he said, and Zagreus was quick to follow instructions.

"Like this?"

"Mm. Like that. Move a little faster, though, lad, I'm already far too worked up for you to tease."

The admission, like anything that proved Achilles was aroused by whatever hapless rolling around and clumsy touching Zagreus was doing, sent a thrill through him, and he lay fully on his side so that he could pull Achilles closer while he touched him. Achilles rested his head on Zagreus' bicep easily, his own arm winding around Zagreus' back, giving him only a few inches between the two of them in which to maneuver.

"I suppose this would normally precede... other things," Zagreus said, because he'd read enough to know a thing or two before Achilles had ever bedded him.

"It doesn't have to," Achilles said. "I don't—" he paused to moan and thrust into Zagreus' hand, which Zagreus was going to be remembering in vivid detail next he was in this bed alone, "—I don't think it will today. Tonight."

"Oh... I didn't think, but I suppose that even though you've more experience than I do, it's still... it's been a while, right?"

Achilles nodded wordlessly, biting his lower lip. When he finally worked himself to speech, he said, "it has been. And I'm discovering it's a bit, *ah*, different, as a shade."

Zagreus supposed he shouldn't have been surprised to find that Achilles hadn't been with a lover since before his mortal life had been ended. The House of Hades was hardly brimming with prospects. But still, a part of him was tickled to find that he was, in a way, Achilles' first, just as Achilles was his.

It made him want to pull Achilles closer, to kiss him deeper, to do whatever it took to bring him pleasure.

Had Achilles even come since he'd been sent to the Underworld? It was possible, Zagreus supposed, that he'd gone back to his quarters after their last lesson and... and what? The idea of Achilles touching himself to the image of Zagreus was impossible for him to imagine, and so he focused on Achilles in the present instead, kissing him and then breathing against his mouth when Achilles became too overwhelmed to kiss back.

Achilles was thrusting into his fist in a distinct rhythm now, although it did stutter when Zagreus squeezed him a little tighter or rubbed his thumb over the head of Achilles' cock. Zagreus wondered, wildly, if this was how Achilles would move as he fucked a lover. If he'd drive his cock into *Zagreus* like this, powerful heaves of his hips and curses whispered between his teeth. His head was thrown back, his hair spilling over Zagreus' arm, as he abandoned himself to pleasure in a way he distinctly hadn't during their last encounter.

Want drove into Zagreus, sharp as a blade. If he could form words, he'd be begging for Achilles to fuck him, an ache deep within him for Achilles to take him, fill him, just as gentle and sweet as he was using his hand. Zagreus imagined himself spread out on his front in this bed, Achilles fucking him from behind as he held him close, kissed at Zagreus' nape and took his fill of Zagreus' body.

Zagreus was so engrossed in his fantasy that he nearly missed the moment Achilles came, except for the fact that Achilles surged forward to kiss him

as he did, deep but swift, his tongue curling inside Zagreus' mouth before he pulled away saying, "that's *good*, lad, that's it, I, *oh*—" He gasped, a shudder running through him that Zagreus' own body echoed from proximity.

Zagreus' knuckles were wet, and Achilles was breathing hard again. He slumped back for just a moment, absently running his hand up and down Zagreus' side. Zagreus watched as he visibly pulled himself back together, swallowed, squeezed Zagreus' hip and opened his eyes.

"I don't think you'll have to worry about pleasing a lover, lad."

Zagreus laughed, stealing another kiss before leaning away, kicking his leg over the side of the bed and using his toes to pick up a washrag that had been left on his floor after he'd last cleaned his sword. It was serviceable enough to wipe off his hand, at least. "No need to worry, if that lover is you, at least."

"It won't always be," Achilles said, patting him on the knee as if either of them needed reminding.

"I know. But you're in my bed now, and you will be again, I hope, and I'm glad I could, er, return the favor from last time."

"What we're doing is not a series of favors that need returning, Zagreus." His voice was impossibly soft.

"Will you return it this time, anyway?" Zagreus thought he might explode if he didn't come sometime soon.

"I will. And more, I hope." Achilles sat up, kissing him on the cheek, oddly chaste considering the circumstances. Especially considering the way he moved from gently kissing him to bending low before Zagreus, mouthing at the jut of his hip for just a moment before adding, "I've something more to show you, if you're willing."

Oh, was he ever.

Once more: "*Please*, sir."

Achilles grasped the base of his cock, his tongue making a long, slow trail from bottom to tip, flicking hard against the head and making Zagreus thrust forward, only for Achilles to hold him down with a firm hand on his hip. "I suppose, even though you can't exactly choke me, I ought to explain the etiquette of the act to you."

"Only if it means I get your mouth on me again," Zagreus bargained.

Achilles kissed the head of his cock with the same kind of chasteness he'd kissed his cheek, and then pulled away a little. "Generally," he said, "it's considered impolite to fuck into your lover's mouth—unless, of course, they have asked for it. I personally am not interested in that particular sort of roughness, but others may be. That said: be still."

Zagreus was only stopped from asking if Achilles was interested in *other* particular sorts of roughness, specifically, pounding him until he saw stars (which would be an accomplishment, as Zagreus only had a vague idea what stars looked like) because Achilles' mouth was on him again, sucking at him this time. He was, it seemed, quite proficient at this. Or else Zagreus was unable to distinguish. It sure *felt* like Achilles knew what he was doing, though.

He had to hold Zagreus' hips down again, because Zagreus was too overwhelmed by stimulation to keep still or to deny his body's want to push forward into the wet warmth of Achilles' mouth. Zagreus clutched at Achilles' shoulders, mentally apologizing for his behavior but desperate for more.

It could hardly last, Zagreus too new to this sort of pleasure to do anything but come into Achilles' mouth after only moments of stimulation, crying out and curling forward over Achilles' head. Achilles held him fast through all of it, swallowing around his cock, not spilling a drop.

Zagreus blinked—his eyes had rolled back so hard his head hurt a little. "I wasn't very polite about that, I don't think," he said, finally regaining his ability to speak.

"Not particularly," Achilles said. He wiped his mouth and Zagreus wondered if he could catch sight of his own come on Achilles' lip. It had all been swallowed, though. "That's why I'm here with you, though, lad. To get you used to the feeling, so that you are not so overwhelmed when next you feel it."

"I know," Zagreus sighed, reaching out and combing his fingers through Achilles' hair, which had become tangled with all their rolling about. He'd done it without thinking, but Achilles leaned into the touch, murmuring his appreciation.

"You didn't pull my hair, which is saying something," Achilles said, "but generally, you ought to warn someone before you come so that they can pull away if they don't want it in their mouth."

Zagreus cringed, flopping back onto the stack of pillows at the head of the bed. "Sorry."

"You got lucky," Achilles said, stretching out next to him. "I don't mind it." This, too, was unlike last time. Achilles had tidied himself up, had stroked Zagreus' hair and asked if he was alright, if he needed company, and Zagreus had said he was fine, not wanting to force Achilles to stay if he'd rather leave. Now, he lingered, holding Zagreus' arm, feeling out the tendons stretching from his wrist.

"Maybe I can try next time. See if I mind it," Zagreus suggested.

"I wouldn't object." Achilles grasped his hand, squeezed it once. "But, Zagreus. Next time, just ask me, alright? As much as I enjoyed your particular method of seduction, I..."

"You'd rather it was planned?"

Achilles nodded. "It doesn't remind me of the past quite so much, then." He cleared his throat, which was entirely perfunctory, for a shade. "And I'd like you to get comfortable with asking for what you want, of course."

And, Zagreus now knew, Achilles wouldn't mind if he brought it up in an entirely awkward, unromantic way.

"I will." Zagreus leaned in closer. "Right now, I want a kiss. Is that alright?"

Achilles smiled. "More than."

He eagerly gave Zagreus what he'd asked.

3. Lesson Three

Summary for the Chapter:

Zagreus wants Achilles to teach him more, and more, and more.

Notes for the Chapter:

Well, finally finished this with a monster of a chapter that's twice the length of the previous ones so uh.... that's a thing I did!

Basically, the thesis of this story is "Zag can't control his horny, and Achilles is into it" which is cool by me.

Achilles didn't have an excess of time off, which meant it was unusual to find him in the lounge, tucked into a corner like he was trying to blend into the furniture and was being approached by shades anyways. He was popular despite himself, which Zagreus found endlessly amusing. How could anybody not be drawn to him?

"Excuse me, do you mind if I—" was all Zagreus needed to say for the other shade to drift away, and he felt a momentary tinge of guilt at his interruption, which he had known would not be contested.

Achilles looked almost relieved that Zagreus had stepped in. "Hello, lad. You just missed my clever avoidance of being made to recount some of my war stories."

Ah, that was why he wasn't sorry to see that shade go. "I don't see why they have to ask you," Zagreus said, "the mortal poets have it all written out, haven't they?"

"And much more eloquently than I could tell them," Achilles agreed.

In the long pause in which Zagreus was at an uncharacteristic loss for words, Achilles studied his face, searching Zagreus' eyes, the set of his mouth. Zagreus had no idea what he was looking for, but he seemed to find

it, settling into a less intense method of eye contact, as if waiting for normal conversation to resume.

Zagreus got the distinct feeling Achilles knew what he was going to ask before the words ever left his mouth.

"Sir, I was wondering... next you're free, if you might join me in my quarters for another of our lessons." The end of his sentence tumbled out in one breath, but he found he'd actually managed to say it all, which was more than he'd expected, despite rehearsing his phrasing over and over on his way through the house as he looked for Achilles.

Achilles gave him an indulgent smile. "That's a good lad."

Was he fully aware of exactly how much that turned Zagreus on and still saying it regardless, or...?

"I'm to return to my post for the moment," Achilles said, "but after my shift is over, I'll join you."

"Great! That's. Alright. I'll see you later, sir, just, uh... meet me in my room! Obviously."

With that, he was out of the lounge as fast as his burning feet could carry him.

Zagreus knew how long Achilles' shifts lasted. Approximately. It was difficult to tell time down here, but it wouldn't be too long before Achilles was free to meet him. That was what Zagreus told himself as he wandered around his room, looking through his bookshelves for something to distract himself with. It wouldn't be too long.

It was an *eternity*.

Zagreus started and stopped reading five different books before he realized he wasn't going to get anything done whatsoever, and dropped the book he currently had open onto his chest, staring up at the ceiling as if there'd be something more distracting printed up there. He couldn't stop thinking

about all the possibilities his afternoon-slash-evening held, certain it would drive him insane before Achilles even got back here. What would they do this time? Would Achilles remember Zagreus' randomly-tossed-out suggestion that he teach him how to use his mouth?

Would he finally push things further?

Zagreus shifted on his bed, propping his book up again as he desperately tried to ignore the heat rising within him. The words on the page blurred as his gaze turned unfocused, and he almost didn't notice that the hand which had been resting low on his belly was now dipping below his belt as his subconscious mind drifted.

He thought about the shape of Achilles' cock, the way Achilles had fucked his hand, the way Zagreus had been struck with desire—if he asked, Achilles would fuck him, right? Or would he tell Zagreus he was getting ahead of himself, that they needed to slow things down? Zagreus cupped the bulge of his cock in his leggings, his head dropping back and his book falling to the side as he abandoned the pretense of reading entirely.

His head craned back, and his attention focused on the glass bottle of oil that sat on the shelves behind his bed. Achilles had given it to him not a day ago, and it had been the driving impetus that convinced Zagreus to ask Achilles for another lesson.

"We may need this when next we meet in your quarters," Achilles had told him, "and you might interest yourself in trying it out beforehand."

He'd been absolutely *aching* for it since that moment.

Zagreus hadn't even unstoppered the bottle, but he held it now, the rounded edges fitting perfectly within his palm. He ran his thumb across the surface, watching the contents shift inside as he tilted it back and forth.

He understood the mechanics of what one was supposed to do with something like this. The concept itself appealed to him, he supposed, but the idea of Achilles being the one opening him up for the first time was so much better than the idea of doing it himself. Achilles would be sweet

about it, making sure every moment that Zagreus was enjoying himself, as always. He'd kiss Zagreus' hair and whisper to him, telling him how good he was—

Alright, Zagreus decided, it was time to be naked. Now.

It was strategic, he told himself, as he undressed and got a hand around himself, spreading out on his back and tipping his head to the side to bury most of his face in the pillow. If he got off now, he'd be able to last longer once he had Achilles in bed with him. He wasn't being insanely impatient, he was just... planning ahead. Sure.

Before his lessons with Achilles started, Zagreus had made touching himself like this into a furtive thing, hiding under his covers, bringing himself off as fast as he could. Such behavior was to be expected, he supposed, when a boy was becoming a man and living in a room which had no doors. Somebody seeing him like this used to be his greatest fear—it wasn't so much of a concern, any longer.

His relationship with Achilles, such as it were, wasn't openly talked about, but it was common knowledge at this point. Zagreus knew nobody would try coming into his room unannounced, and he took no small amount of pleasure in the fact that he could strip completely whenever he felt the need, that he could lie in full view of anybody who would come through the door and it would be to the intruder's embarrassment if anybody walked in on him.

He wouldn't mind if Achilles walked in on him, though. Achilles wouldn't know, because he had no knowledge of Zagreus' past habits, but Zagreus was using the things Achilles had taught him, even when he was alone. Instead of keeping his hands solely on his cock and just trying to finish as quickly as possible, he let his free hand wander, feeling out the erogenous zones Achilles had shown him. If Achilles walked in now, he would find Zagreus' hand lazily wandering across his chest, rubbing and pinching at his nipples until the stimulation became almost too much for him to bear.

Father wasn't prone to letting people go early, so it wasn't likely that Achilles would come across him like this, but Zagreus could still imagine

the way his momentary shock would fade into something sweeter. Maybe he'd replace Zagreus' hand with his own, or maybe he'd just sit beside Zagreus on the bed and let him keep going, giving him little encouragements all the way through. Zag could almost hear his voice: "*you look good like that, lad.*"

He was building up some modicum of stamina, but imagining Achilles next to him, telling him not to stop on his account, had Zagreus approaching orgasm faster than he was used to. It was gonna be a good one, too, he could just feel it, his heels digging into the bedspread, his head falling back as his teeth dug into his lower lip and he cried out. He'd said Achilles' name, and although he knew the heavy curtains that shrouded his chambers muffled most words, he still imagined that all the way on the opposite corridor, Achilles could hear him.

"Fuck," he panted, stroking himself until he squirmed with sensitivity and then a couple more times, just to see how his body reacted. *Achilles*," he said again.

Cleaning up was less interesting when he was alone. Zagreus would've been lying if he said he didn't like being pampered, letting his lover care for him. Achilles was devastatingly gentle about it, too—Zagreus could say with absolute certainty that nobody had ever treated him in such a way before.

He lay back down after, only bothering to pull a blanket over himself to keep out the relative chill of the surrounding area of Tartarus that seeped in through the courtyard door. He'd put clothes on later, before Achilles showed up. He was more settled, not enough that he could have napped, but enough that he wasn't anxiously fretting anymore, thank the gods. He reached for his book again—maybe he'd be more successful in distracting himself when he wasn't so on edge.

It must've worked, because he was still lying there reading when Achilles joined him, once again having taken the time to remove his armor before coming to Zagreus.

Instead of coming to him, Achilles hung in the doorway for a moment, and when Zagreus sat up to determine what the delay was, he realized he was

being stared at. Achilles watched him in a way similar to how Zagreus had looked at him many a time, a little wide-eyed, unblinking, as if he wanted to take in every inch of Zagreus once, twice, three times.

Zagreus was, he realized, being ogled.

He could only imagine what he looked like, having entirely forgotten to put clothes on, sprawled in bed with only a thin blanket pulled across his waist. Could Achilles tell he'd cooled down from an orgasm only an hour or so ago?

"Um. Hi." Probably not the best thing to say when one was being looked at with such heat.

"Hello, Zagreus. Trying to seduce me today?"

"Oh, uh, not really, I just forgot to put clothes on—wait, no! Yes, I'm trying to seduce you. Is it working?"

Achilles smiled, and finally did approach. "You seem a bit undecided," he said, taking a seat beside Zagreus on the bed. He sat on the edge of the blanket that rested over Zagreus' hips, his weight pulling it to the side just a bit, so that it only barely covered Zagreus' cock.

Zagreus reached for him, brushing a curl of his hair behind his ear. He'd foregone his headband again today, and it was falling into his face again. "Is it *working*, though?"

"It's working." His voice was even softer than usual when he answered. "Gods save us all from the day you discover how truly lovely and irresistible you are, Zagreus."

Zagreus laughed, leaned in and kissed the corner of Achilles' mouth. Touching him like this was steadily becoming more familiar, and with that, easier. "I don't know about that, Sir. I could hardly be to everybody's tastes. But I'm glad I'm to yours." He kissed him squarely on the lips this time. "This would be more difficult, otherwise, I think."

"Impossible, even." Achilles' hand came up to cup the back of Zagreus' neck. "You know I'd never agree to train you in this way if there wasn't some sort of, hm... attraction, already there."

He hadn't, not really, not when this all started. Not until the first time he realized he was affecting Achilles, the first time he felt Achilles hard against him, and had thought, perhaps, this man *wanted* him, lessons or not. "I know that now," he said, truthfully. The way Achilles had halted their combat training not to chastise Zagreus for acting inappropriately but to take him to bed, the way he'd stopped in the doorway just now to simply *look* at him...

It was all deeply flattering, to say the very least.

"I must ask, though. What do you mean, you forgot to dress...?"

"Oh! I got caught up in reading, after I—" He shouldn't have been embarrassed to say something like this to the only man he'd ever been with, but still, a sickly, embarrassed heat rose within him, and he couldn't quite look at Achilles' eyes anymore. It resulted in Zag looking at Achilles' mouth instead, which was... distracting. "I might have gotten a bit impatient."

Achilles could read between the lines—or perhaps did not have to, considering the obviousness of Zagreus' response—and he licked his lower lip before grinning, stroking his thumb over Zagreus' cheek. "Did you?"

"I couldn't stop thinking of you, Sir," he admitted. "About the last time you touched me."

Achilles glanced downward for a moment, and Zagreus feared some embarrassment or awkwardness going through him, but when Achilles looked in his eyes again, there was only heat. *Oh*. He hadn't just been casting his eyes downward, he'd been looking *at Zagreus*. Again. As if to observe him anew from a closer angle.

"What exactly did you think about?" Achilles fiddled with the hem of the blanket thrown over Zagreus' lap. He was still in Zagreus' space, close enough that they could be kissing.

Zagreus wished he had the words to properly express how much he wanted Achilles, but in a way that was seductive and alluring and not at all fumbling. "I... keep thinking about the way you moved while I had my hands on you, and how much I wanted... how much I *want*—" Turns out, that was too much to ask. He tried to settle for kissing Achilles instead, eager and willing to express his feelings via action rather than his words.

Achilles, however, wasn't having it. He held Zagreus steady by his shoulder, leaned back just far enough that Zagreus' lips couldn't meet his. "Tell me what you want, Zagreus. You know I want you to become comfortable in expressing your desires."

"I just—it always sounds stupid when I try to say it aloud," Zagreus complained, "I mean, really. If there's a good way to say 'I've spent a ridiculously long amount of time imagining how good your cock would feel inside me,' I haven't come up with it yet."

Despite having no blood coursing through his veins, Achilles colored, his grip on Zagreus' shoulder tightening just a bit.

"Ah. Normally I'm a bit better at not spitting out everything that comes into my head," Zagreus said, laughing a little to lighten the tension.

"Are you sure?" Achilles asked him.

"Yes? Wait, am I sure of what?" Sure that he was normally better at filtering his thoughts? Absolutely.

"Are you sure that you want me to fuck you?"

The weight of the expletive in Achilles' soft voice made Zagreus lightheaded for just a moment, but thankfully, he didn't need most of his mental capacity to answer, "yes."

Achilles' hand slid from Zagreus' shoulder to his neck, his thumb tracing the corner of Zagreus' jaw. "If you're worried I won't want it the other way around, lad, you need not be. I don't have much of a preference, there."

"That's fine," Zagreus said, "but I think I might. Prefer it, this way." He took a deep breath and fell back onto the bed, throwing his hands over his head and looking up at the ceiling. Achilles' hand stroked over his hip but Achilles was silent, prompting Zagreus to continue. "I don't even know if I'd like how it feels, I just like the idea of it. Of you. Inside me. It makes me..." He shifted, his back bowing just a little, even the simple act of stating his desires aloud already arousing him.

When he looked back at Achilles, his mentor looked a little wistful, and he bent down and kissed Zagreus' temple, stroking his hair, brushing a bit of it back behind his laurel. "I understand," he said, "and I'm willing to try this with you. I just need you to promise me that no matter how much you enjoy the idea of it, if the reality doesn't please you, you will ask me to stop and you will not worry about offending me."

"Yes, sir."

Zagreus could feel Achilles' lips curl into a smile. "Good." He leaned back, and Zagreus sat up with him. "And, you must know, if you don't care for that, that doesn't mean things have to stop. We can try something else."

"That's nice." Zagreus reached for him, and Achilles allowed Zagreus to undress him, helpfully repositioning himself to make it easier. "I wouldn't want things to be over simply because I wasn't fond of how it was going."

"Everyone's preferences vary. And someday you may find yourself with someone who doesn't fully understand their own, as you don't yet." He said it mildly, stating the obvious rather than berating Zagreus for his lack of knowledge, Achilles' particular way of putting things making Zagreus feel a little calmer, a little safer, as usual. "I want you to be able to explore whatever you're interested in, Zagreus."

Good—what he was interested in seemed to mostly be Achilles. Particularly, being underneath him. "I think I'm more than ready to start exploring, sir." Zagreus tossed his blanket aside, not caring so much about his nudity once Achilles was almost bare as well.

Achilles removed the last of his clothing, and Zagreus wondered if he'd ever get used to quite how beautiful Achilles was. Perhaps after seeing plenty of other lovely people in such a state of undress, he wouldn't be so stunned, but for now, he was absorbed with just *looking*. Achilles wasn't entirely uninterested, either, his cock already beginning to harden, hands reaching for Zagreus.

"You really have no idea how enchanting you are when you look at me like that," Achilles said, curling his forefinger just under Zagreus' chin, lifting Zagreus' face so that they were eye to eye.

Enchanting. There was no way Zagreus was worthy of such a descriptor. He squirmed, biting his lip to keep a breathy sigh inside his throat, turning it into a little whine instead. "*Achilles*," he begged, and Achilles must have either understood or else wanted the same as Zagreus, and leaned in to give him a kiss. It lengthened, Zagreus' arms going around Achilles' shoulders and his mouth opening under Achilles'.

Gods, if having Achilles' cock in him was anything like having Achilles' tongue thoroughly fucking his mouth, Zagreus would find himself very pleased.

He slipped a hand into Achilles' hair, reminding himself that Achilles had complimented him on not pulling it last time. He kept his touch gentle, stroking at Achilles' nape the way Achilles often treated him, a wave of self-satisfaction washing over him from head to toe as Achilles made a sweet noise into his mouth. *He* was the reason for that little expression of pleasure, and he was determined to pull more and more of them from Achilles' lips.

Achilles drew himself away before Zagreus could attempt much more, kissing the corner of his mouth before removing his touch completely, asking Zagreus, "do you still have that oil I gave you?"

"Uh. Yes, of course." How had Achilles not seen it sitting just behind him? He gestured over his shoulder. "I haven't tried anything with it, I was worried I'd... not do it correctly."

"It always helps to have someone with experience," Achilles agreed with him. Zagreus smiled—he liked when Achilles agreed with him—and handed the bottle to Achilles, letting his fingers brush against Achilles' as he passed it off.

"So... how...?"

Zagreus half-expected Achilles to make him finish his question, but it must have been obvious enough. Or else, Achilles was becoming too impatient to ask Zagreus to speak in full sentences instead of truncated implications. He separated himself from Zagreus, sitting beside him at the head of the bed, resting against the pillows, which had gotten piled up against the bookshelf that stood at the head of Zagreus' bed.

"Come here, lad," he said, and Zagreus shifted closer to him. Already knee-to-knee with Achilles, he was fairly certain there was no way he could come closer. "On my lap, if you will, facing me, I want to be able to see your expression."

"O-oh! Of course, that's what you mean." Zagreus obeyed, straddling Achilles' lap and immediately finding himself feeling particularly exposed despite having been fully naked this entire time. There was something about his legs being spread with Achilles beneath him that had him wanting *more*, had him wanting to grind down. Achilles was positioning Zagreus that way so he could fuck him. Zagreus was very glad he'd gotten off before all this, as he might've come from the thought alone.

Achilles leaned his forehead against Zagreus'. "Focus on me," he entreated Zagreus, although it was hard to focus on anything other than what Achilles' hands were doing with the bottle. "It's going to feel... strange, but perhaps not as strange as it would, were you a mortal."

Achilles' hand stroked down his thigh, and even that simple touch made Zagreus jump, anticipation having flooded him. He looked at Zagreus, watching for any sign that he should slow down, and Zagreus tried to express exactly zero reasons to do so.

"You're tense," Achilles said, squeezing his thigh and slipping his other hand between Zagreus' legs, fingers pressing against him, not entering, just... feeling. "Does this feel alright?"

He was tense, indeed, but it wasn't for lack of wanting or from any sort of discomfort. "Yes," he answered, realizing he was probably holding onto Achilles' shoulder with a tighter grip than need be. "It's not bad, it's just a little overwhelming." It reminded him of the way it had felt when Achilles had first kissed his neck or touched his nipples, a new sensation of eroticism that Zagreus himself had never explored, but that he wanted more of. Desperately.

He kissed Achilles again, eager to share the pleasure sparking through him, but Achilles broke contact far sooner than Zagreus would have liked. "I can't keep an eye on you and kiss you at the same time," Achilles pointed out.

"Then just kiss me. I promise, I'll tell you if I want you to slow down."

"Not quite yet," he said, petting Zagreus' hip as if he needed soothing. He probably did. "I want to ensure that you feel alright with me entering you before I allow myself to be distracted."

"Well, I do want that. Keep going, sir. Please."

Achilles pressed one last kiss to his mouth before continuing his explorations elsewhere.

A high, thin sound that Zagreus barely recognized as his own voice split the heavy air between the two of them as Achilles' forefinger finally stopped stroking around his entrance and pressed inside, curling within him. His touch was just as gentle within Zagreus as it was without, and when he looked up, his eye catching Zagreus', Zag was hard pressed not to beg for more right away.

"How's that?" Achilles asked, pulling out almost to his fingertip before fucking back in.

It took Zagreus a moment to answer, pleasure stealing any would-be words from his tongue. "I... ah, yes. It just feels. Yes."

It was hardly coherent, but enough of an answer for Achilles, who rewarded him with another kiss, which lengthened as he continued to fuck Zagreus on his finger, breathing in every soft noise of pleasure that came from Zagreus' lips. He pulled back only to ask, "are you ready for another?" and at Zagreus' acquiescence, Achilles kissed him again, his tongue entering Zagreus' mouth at the same time his middle finger fitted alongside his first.

His fingers curled, stroking a particular spot within Zagreus that compounded the sensation of all Achilles' touches. Zagreus moaned against his mouth, his hips jerking of their own accord, trying to fit Achilles' fingers deeper inside himself, though he was already pressing to the knuckle on every stroke.

"Good?" Achilles asked him, and when Zagreus opened his eyes, he found Achilles smiling because he knew the answer would be yes.

Zagreus blinked, his vision taking a moment to focus and blurring out once more when Achilles curled his fingers again. His response didn't come in so many words, but the noise he made should certainly have served enough to let Achilles know, yes, *good*.

The only thing he managed to say was: "*More*."

"More?" Achilles stopped moving but didn't withdraw his fingers, the feeling of them splitting Zagreus open only serving to make him want something else, wanting...

"Yes. I want *more*, sir, I, ah—I want *your cock*."

Achilles took a sharp breath before kissing him again, only briefly but with intense fervor, nipping at his lower lip before pulling away. "I'm inclined to give you that," he said.

"Well. Good. If you don't, I'll. I don't know, probably just be slightly irritated with you."

Achilles laughed, stroking the back of Zagreus' neck to gentle him. "You've no worry that I won't give you what you desire," he said, "but you must take things at my pace, all right?" He made his meaning maddeningly clear, deliberately slowing. It was probably what Zagreus needed, he supposed. Achilles was good at knowing what Zagreus needed.

"Yes, sir."

Achilles removed his fingers and Zagreus squirmed, wanting that sensation back so badly he ached where he was not being touched. Instead, Achilles pulled him closer by the hips, until he could feel Achilles' cock against his ass. Zagreus had to spread his legs wider to position himself low enough, and the stretch in his thighs was gratifying, as was the way this position allowed him to rut against Achilles' stomach.

"Half expected you to roll me onto my back so that you could take me," Zagreus said, if only because he'd been fantasizing about that particular scenario.

"It will be easier for you to use gravity to your advantage in this case," Achilles said, "just to accommodate yourself to the feeling. If you still *want* me to—well, we'll cross that when we reach it."

He continued directing Zagreus, carefully watching his face for any discomfort or hesitation all the while. Apparently, the face Zagreus was making, screwed up with his lip snagged between his teeth, was not a deterrent. He could feel something pressed against him, blunter than Achilles' fingers—the head of his cock, then.

Achilles reached for Zagreus' mouth, loosening the clench of his jaw with a thumb pressed at his chin. "You'll bite through your lip, at that rate," he said, petting over the indentations where Zagreus' teeth had dug in. "We can't have that."

Zagreus huffed a laugh, and in his moment of distraction, Achilles pushed in, pulled him down, turning Zagreus' mirth into a gasp as the length of Achilles' cock filled him entirely. The sound of Achilles moaning low in his chest was nearly as gratifying as the feeling of fullness that overwhelmed

Zagreus, had him rocking down despite the fact that Achilles was fully seated inside him. In this moment, Achilles was no longer scrutinizing him, his head tipped back, eyes closed.

Zagreus decided he liked that look on Achilles, and leaned in to kiss along his throat, hoping that it would keep him in such a state for a moment longer. The stretch required to lean up and kiss him meant Achilles' cock pulled out of him just a little, a matter of an inch or two, and Achilles' hips canted up, pushing inside Zagreus to the base again.

"How does it feel, my prince?" Achilles said his title in a manner quite unlike anybody else ever had, possessive rather than deferential.

"It's... oh, of course it's good, does it always feel so... *much?*" He lifted his head in time to catch Achilles' smile.

"It is if you're with somebody you care deeply for. Someone you trust with your body and your heart." He didn't say it as though he were describing a hypothetical.

Zagreus was about to ask after the specifics, when Achilles shifted, helping Zagreus sit up a bit more instead of sprawling across him. The angle meant that Achilles' cock pressed against the particular spot his fingers had been stroking, not with as much precision as his fingertips but with enough pressure to make Zagreus' eyes involuntarily roll back in his head. His thighs tensed as he rocked in place, not quite riding Achilles' cock with any rhythm or purpose, just seeking after pleasure.

"Would you like me to, what was it, put you on your back and fuck you that way?" Achilles asked him, not entirely able to get through the sentence before Zagreus was saying *yes, yes, like that, please*.

Repositioning was less than titillating, Zagreus forced to separate himself from Achilles for a few painful moments. Perhaps if he was more coordinated, he could have found a way to have Achilles roll him onto his back without pulling out for a second, but that was beyond his current ability. It was worth the moment's pause to get Achilles atop him, one of his

strong arms curled under Zagreus' knee, spreading his legs apart. His eyes raked over the whole of Zagreus' body, his free hand following their path.

"Zagreus—"

"Fuck me."

Achilles' answering groan was strangled through gritted teeth, but his mouth dropped open as soon as he pressed in again, and Zagreus was blessed with his every noise of pleasure at full volume. Achilles was much more practiced in keeping a rhythm than Zagreus, steadily gaining speed as if every cry from Zagreus' mouth and toss of his head spurred him to move faster.

"You really do like it like this, don't you?" Achilles remarked, although that much was obvious from the way Zagreus' entire body begged for more.

"Yes, *sir*, I—gods, this is even better than I'd been imagining."

Achilles shook his head, fixing Zagreus with the look he always gave when Zagreus did something clearly beyond any mortal capacity with unexpected ease and then asked what was remarkable about whatever he'd done. "In my experience, most men have a more difficult time adjusting to this feeling." He followed it up with a particularly deep thrust, angled to send pleasure sparking through Zagreus from head to toe.

"I'm... apparently quite talented, then. Don't worry, ah, won't let it go to my head."

"You're the picture of humility." Achilles didn't slow down even to speak, his every thrust winding Zagreus up like a coiled spring. "And the picture of eroticism, besides."

That was Achilles, not him, but Zagreus found himself beyond the capability of speech and unable to protest.

He recognized the pressure building within him from every other encounter he'd had with Achilles, and also with his own hand, including the one

earlier that very day-or-night. The fact that Achilles continued to mercilessly take him from the exact angle that made Zagreus *scream* wasn't going to help him last, either. His hands twisted in the sheets as he desperately tried to keep himself from that edge, wanting this to go on and on as long as physically possible.

Besides, Achilles' breathing was significantly labored and Zagreus thought perhaps he may be able to make Achilles come before him.

Zagreus found himself moaning aloud again, and he buried his face in the crook of his own arm, *so, so close*.

Achilles, it seemed, took his frustration for something else entirely. "It's all right, lad. Touch yourself, if you need. Most... most men I've known can't finish like—"

Zagreus proved he didn't fit into that particular category immediately and with a cry of Achilles' name.

"—of course, you are exceptional," Achilles said with no lack of mirth, stroking Zagreus' side as he worked his way through orgasm. "That's it, good." He kissed Zagreus' cheekbone and wasted no time in pulling out, which Zagreus' oversensitive body appreciated. Achilles let himself be easily drawn back in as Zagreus wrapped an arm around his shoulders and dragged him in for another kiss.

His coordination hadn't quite returned enough for him to get his hand around Achilles' cock, but he was happy to let Achilles rub off against his hip. He accepted Achilles' kisses with all the fire he could muster, which, given his particular traits, was quite a lot. Achilles' hair fell like a curtain over Zagreus' face, making the laurel leaves he shed tangle in Achilles' curls, another small facet of the two of them coming together. The gold of them didn't quite match the gold of his hair, making them stand out like jewels.

Achilles breathed Zagreus' name as he reached his peak, pressed against him from groin to chest, letting Zagreus feel all his musculature in motion and the hot spill of him over Zagreus' hip.

If the heat within him had been reduced to embers when his need to come had been sated, the way Achilles kept him close and continued kissing him was stoking them to an uncontrolled burn once more.

When Achilles finally separated himself from Zagreus, he took a brief moment to glance between the two of them, then back at Zag. "You're quite insatiable," he noted, because Zagreus was hard again.

"It does seem that way."

"I suppose you *are* a god, after all. Your kind are known for such appetites." Achilles didn't seem bothered by Zagreus' eagerness, in fact, he appeared to enjoy indulging this particular appetite of Zagreus'. "Shall we see if you've become any better at controlling yourself since last I had you in my mouth?"

He slipped off the bed, bringing Zagreus to sit right on the edge of it with Achilles kneeling between his legs. Before, Achilles had still been seated on the bed beside him, had simply lowered his head to get his mouth on Zagreus—the fact that Achilles knelt for him was new, and had Zagreus a little unsure. "Sir, you don't have to—"

"I'd like to," Achilles said, shaking his head to toss his hair over his shoulder. The leaves from Zagreus' laurel still glittered among his curls, as he leaned in and licked up one of the lines of white painting Zagreus' stomach. He wasn't sure if it was his own come or Achilles'. The thought made his fingers twist in the bedsheets.

"Then, by all means, I suppose," Zagreus said, pushing forward a little until he was just about falling off the bed into Achilles' lap.

"I will not hold you down, this time," Achilles said. "You keep still, and you'll do it of your own accord. Yes?"

It was well-thought-out of him, to do this after Zagreus had already come once (twice, if you counted the part before Achilles had arrived), his desire tempered a little and his body a little exhausted. He could still feel the stretch where Achilles had entered him, and he delighted in that discovery.

Despite this, Achilles' mouth on him was no less tempting than before, and Zagreus had to concentrate hard to keep himself from thrusting between his lips. His toes curled, every part of himself held in tension as he willed himself to keep still. *Don't move.*

Be good for him.

He was rewarded for his restraint with Achilles swallowing deeper than he had last time, until the head of Zagreus' cock was squeezed in the tight clutch of his throat. He bent forward, grasping Achilles' shoulders, but kept his hips still, even when Achilles hummed around his cock, which set off sparks both within him and around them. His laurel popped as it showered leaves on them, the angle meaning that they landed upon Achilles' head as if Zagreus was crowning him with them.

He nearly forgot himself, hurtling toward the edge so much faster than he had before, with Achilles focusing all his attentions on his cock, on making him come. "Ah, sir. Achilles. I'm close, you—"

After Achilles' instructions from last time, Zagreus half expected him to pull off, to finish Zagreus with his hand, but Achilles remained right where he was at. "*I don't mind it.*" His words echoing in Zagreus' mind made him less anxious about holding onto the back of Achilles' neck, keeping him in place while Zagreus came—he suspected Achilles would have stayed regardless.

There was a hint of mischief in Achilles' expression as he took in the dazed look on Zagreus' face. He drew himself to stand, only to bowl Zagreus over, tipping him onto his back on the bed and then pulling him so that he could lie atop Achilles, his head on Achilles' chest.

"Have you finally been either satisfied or exhausted?" he asked. There was no way for Zagreus to make Achilles' throat raw, what with him being dead and all, but there was still a bit of scratch to his voice. It was as if his body remembered the aftereffects of such acts from when Achilles was alive.

"Both, I believe," Zagreus said, his own speech slurring a bit and that making him lean more toward the 'exhausted' side of things.

"Perhaps you could be convinced to sleep, this once?"

Zagreus made a soft noise of agreement, already halfway to nodding off with his face pressed against Achilles' pectoral. "I'll sleep if you stay," he reasoned.

"Who knew this is all it would take?" Achilles said, sitting up a bit, not to leave, but to draw Zagreus' discarded blanket over the both of them. "Rest, then. I will stay with you until I must return to my post."

Zagreus had no idea how he would tell when that time came, but he didn't ask, his eyes drifting slow instead. Shades didn't need to breathe, he reminded himself, and so that meant the steady rise and fall of Achilles' chest was for his benefit, lulling him to sleep.

He woke only briefly when Achilles left, as he was forced to relocate Zagreus to someplace that was not atop him. He only barely managed to snag Achilles' wrist before Achilles left him.

"Sir," he began, swallowing around the sudden dryness in his throat. Was this what sleep did to him? Apparently. "Will this... be our last lesson?"

Achilles changed Zagreus' grip on his wrist so that he could take Zagreus' hand instead. "Only if you'd like it to be. I've more to teach you if you want to learn it."

"Yes. Please." Relief bloomed within him, the anxiety that had seized him as Achilles stood fading away into what would soon return to blissful rest.

Achilles squeezed his hand, then pressed a kiss to the back of it. "I'll see you when you are next ready then, lad."

When he left the room, he still had at least one leaf of Zagreus' laurel left in his hair, Zagreus' affections clinging to him as long as they were allowed.

4. Lesson Four

Summary for the Chapter:

Zag's a little overworked, and Achilles would argue that one's education is just as important as one's career.

Notes for the Chapter:

BET YOU THOUGHT YOU'D SEEN THE LAST OF THIS FIC!

Unless you follow me on the nsfw twitter. Or are in any discord where I've been talking about this. Anyhow.

Zagreus had been working in the administrative chamber for what he could best estimate as a few weeks, and he detested every part of it. He hated having to sit in one place for hours on end, he hated the stupidly complex filing system that had never been fully explained to him, he hated the lingering implications that the shade who had been doing Zag's job before he started had been better at the work than he was, and most of all, he hated the way it dragged him away from pursuing things he actually enjoyed.

Blood and darkness, he'd barely seen anybody aside from the administrative shades (who were now his coworkers, he supposed) since he'd started.

Going back in there after having managed to wrangle himself a break for just the smallest sliver of time seemed like the worst form of torture, and it made him want to stomp over to his father's desk and hand in his resignation effective immediately. But that would be saying directly to his father's face that Zagreus had given up, Hades had won, and that was unconscionable. So, off he went, back to walls full of dusty files he couldn't identify and a desk full of bureaucratic processes he didn't understand.

He passed Achilles on his way over, and longed for just the briefest moment to spend with his mentor—his martial skills were going to be rusty at best

and who even knew how deteriorated the other areas of expertise Achilles had taught him would become.

“A moment, lad.”

Oh, he could have all the moments he wanted. Zagreus brightened as he turned on his heel, eagerly stepping away from the door to the administrative chamber. “Yes, sir?”

“You’re overdue for a training session,” Achilles noted. He could easily have been indicating Zagreus ought to meet him in the courtyard, but his cool fingers stroked over Zag’s cheek, clearly saying otherwise.

“I’ve been a bit tied up with work,” Zagreus said, biting his tongue and wrinkling his face in disgust when he realized how much he sounded like Thanatos. “Ugh. Sorry, sir. I’m a bit over-scheduled, I think.”

“And I am certain your lord father would not want your training going by the wayside simply because you’ve taken on new responsibilities in the House.” Achilles said, a hint of gentleness in it despite the fact that he was clearly trying to sound stern, in case the aforementioned lord father was listening in. “If I might pry you away from your work for a moment?”

“Pry all you like, sir,” he said, bouncing on the balls of his feet and certain he was already betraying how eager he was to do anything but slog through another dozen reports from Hypnos, which were almost impossible to read (although he did enjoy the marginalia).

“Then, if you’ll join me?”

“Absolutely.”

He followed Achilles to his quarters, breathing a sigh of relief once the curtain at the entry fell and muffled the sound from the main hall, his father’s voice dimmed to a distant roar. With Achilles by his side, Zagreus hadn’t been stopped and told to get back to work, stop slacking off, and he was immensely grateful.

“There we are, lad, I, oh—“

Achilles stopped speaking probably because he’d suddenly found his arms full of Zagreus, who’d seen fit to embrace him tightly, drinking in the press of Achilles’ body against his own. “Thank you,” he said, pulling away. “We can head into the courtyard now, I just... work has been a lot.”

“Indeed. I can see it’s taking a great deal out of you, lad.” Achilles cupped his face, tipping Zagreus’ chin so they could see eye to eye. “I know you do not often rest, but please allow me to give you a moment of respite.”

“So I’m playing hooky, am I?” Zagreus asked, with a grin.

“I wouldn’t call it that.”

“I would, and I would call your involvement aiding and abetting me in playing hooky. It’s alright, Achilles, sir. I won’t tell my father if you won’t,” he teased, his hands curling suggestively into the folds of Achilles’ skirt. He leaned in closer, his face tucked perfectly under Achilles’ jaw as he continued. “Or did you want me to do something else with my moment of respite?”

“The man who taught you how to seduce somebody was clearly mistaken to do so,” Achilles said of himself. “But yes. Perhaps I didn’t excuse you from your duties for entirely selfless reasons.”

“Good. That’s good. I’m glad—I haven’t kissed you in weeks, sir. Possibly months, it’s hard to tell.” In any case, it had been far too long.

Achilles lowered his stance for just a second so that he could grip Zagreus’ thighs and lift, leveraging him into his arms. Zagreus’ stomach swooped and he grasped Achilles’ shoulders, holding tight while Achilles crossed the room with him and deposited him into a heap on his bed, Zagreus giggling uncontrollably all the while.

“You’ve become such a little tart,” Achilles admonished him, all while undressing him, so it didn’t seem to be too much of a problem. “I’ve missed it greatly.”

“I’ll flirt with you as much as you like, just tell my father my primary duty to the house now is taking your cock—“

“Zagreus!” Achilles grasped his chin, tipping his face up. “I do not recall you having such a dirty mouth.”

Zagreus’ dirty mouth was pulled tight in a grin. “But Achilles, someone’s gone and taught me how to seduce people,” he teased. “Whatever are you to expect?” He nudged into Achilles’ grasp instead of away, so that he could kiss Achilles’ palm. “And besides, you didn’t seem to mind my it when I was asking you to fuck me.”

“I can’t deny that,” Achilles said, which made Zagreus shiver in only the best ways.

“Also, perhaps, I could do something else with my mouth.”

“Would you like to?” Achilles asked, always the gentleman, even while wondering whether Zag might enjoy sucking his cock.

“Yeah.” He didn’t say *I’d like you to fuck me in every direction it’s literally possible to* and applauded himself for his restraint. Instead, he shifted so that he could rub his steadily-hardening erection against Achilles’ thigh, figuring that action expressed the same sentiment. “Show me how?”

And that did it.

Achilles let Zagreus decide how he wanted to be situated, and he urged Achilles to sit back against the head of the bed like he owned the place, like he was the god-prince deserving of worship. It made something warm settle into Zag’s stomach, looking at Achilles relaxed in his bed, stripped bare and waiting for him.

Zagreus was certainly ready to do other things with his mouth but the visual necessitated several extensive kisses, by the end of which they were both breathless and clutching at one another. Zagreus rubbed against Achilles with the kind of eager fervor of someone who had been denied this pleasure

too long. His hands pressed against Achilles' chest, his thumb sliding down the center line between his pectorals, made Achilles give a sharp little gasp.

Zagreus, who had on two occasions now been reduced to a moaning mess under the stimulation of Achilles' mouth around his cock, couldn't wait to give his mentor the same treatment.

"Alright," he said eventually, "alright. Show me what to do, Achilles, please."

Achilles breathed deep, seemingly gathering himself, and rested his hand on Zag's shoulder. He didn't guide Zagreus down into place between his legs, but Zagreus went anyhow, prompting Achilles to smile at him.

"You're going to be so good for me, aren't you?" Achilles stroked from his cheek to his jaw, fingertips gently pressing Zag's mouth open so that he released his lower lip, which he'd been biting.

"I'll try to be, sir."

"I know you can," Achilles said, with the same kind of calculated honesty with which he told Zagreus he knew he could perform the latest maneuver they were reviewing. "Now. You'll want to be mindful of your teeth," he said, thumb tapping the point of one of Zag's canines, which were longer sharper than Achilles'. "You know the basics of it from what I've done to you before, yes?"

"Yes," Zagreus agreed, heat already buzzing under his skin as he imagined the feeling of Achilles' mouth, hot and wet and soft, and the tight clutch of his throat around the head of Zag's cock.

"Take it slow, lad. Just your tongue first." Achilles' soft-spoken instructions sent pleasant shivers all across Zagreus' scalp and down his neck. Achilles' thighs parted for him easily, allowing Zagreus to settle down between them, still looking up at Achilles for any further instruction. Achilles' hand was still on his shoulder, a grounding point of contact.

Zagreus grasped the base of Achilles' cock and stroked him slowly as he considered his approach. Achilles, despite being what some may have callously referred to as a bloodless ghost, was flushed all the way down his chest, like how Zagreus got when he was particularly aroused. He liked that look on his mentor.

He leaned in and ran his tongue from the base of Achilles' cock to the tip, as close a replication to how Achilles had first applied his mouth to Zagreus as he could manage. Unlike Zagreus, Achilles did not thrust forward into his mouth, being much better controlled, and Zagreus would have remarked upon it, had he not been repeating his action, slow and careful, his tongue wetting the length of Achilles' cock.

Achilles didn't taste of much, being a shade, just the faintest hint of salt, but he did have a scent—the same musk and sweat Zagreus recognized from burying his face in Achilles' neck while they fucked, but a few degrees more concentrated. It made his mouth water.

When Achilles had done this to Zag, he'd swallowed Zag's cock in one easy motion, which was apparently not as simple as it looked. Zagreus tried it and his throat rebelled, forcing him to pull off and hide his coughing behind his hand.

"Sorry," he gasped, and Achilles just shook his head, stroking Zag's hair as if to gentle him.

"No need to apologize," he said, his thumb coming up to wipe away the tears at the corners of Zag's eyes. "It's an unusual feeling, you need to go slow with it."

"I'm classically bad at going slow at anything," Zagreus reminded him, clearing his throat. "Right. Think I'm good to try again."

Achilles didn't bother with telling Zag he didn't have to, probably recognizing the particular color of determination in his eye. "Slow down, this time. Don't put it all in your mouth at once, use your hand on what you can't fit."

“Yes, sir.”

“Good lad.” Achilles returned his hand to Zagreus’ shoulder, and Zagreus returned his mouth to the task at hand.

Once Zagreus managed to slow himself, to take Achilles’ cock in manageable increments and get himself used to the feeling, the anxiousness of doing something new and the eagerness to please Achilles faded into Zagreus’ own pleasure. He liked this, liked the soothing encouragement from Achilles, the weight of Achilles’ cock on his tongue, the ticklish feeling as the head of it rubbed against the inside of his cheek.

His own erection had waned when he managed to nearly asphyxiate himself, but he found himself easily aroused once more, as Achilles’ words of praise grew more broken and breathy, a clear sign that Zagreus was doing well.

He’d need more hands than he had available if he wanted to touch himself during—his left preoccupied with re-familiarizing himself with the taut muscle of Achilles’ thigh and his right, as instructed, slowly stroking Achilles. He dropped his hips instead, rocking against the bedsheets, the friction making him moan around Achilles’ cock.

“*Oh!*” Achilles’ fingers dug into Zag’s shoulder. “That’s good, lad, keep going.”

Zagreus exhaled through his nose, unsteady, and flattened his hand against Achilles’ pelvis, dipping down further but pulling up before the foreign feeling of something pressing to his throat made him choke again.

Achilles instructed him steadily as they went on, *vary your speed a little bit, like that, and do that again, please*. Predictably, his praise was what had Zagreus overwhelmed, eager to keep going, to make Achilles feel just as incredible as Zag always did when he was the one on the receiving end.

His jaw fucking *ached*, but he wasn’t about to quit now, especially not when Achilles’ instructions had turned primarily to soft moans and sighs of his name and, “*good lad,*” which had him grinding against the mattress

again. He recognized the heady, floaty feeling that usually accompanied Achilles making him come, warmth filling his stomach. He leaned forward to take Achilles deep again, swallowing around him as he pulled off, and Achilles cried out, his thigh flexing under Zag's grip.

Zagreus moved back in, immensely pleased that he was finally getting the hang of this, but Achilles fingers slid into his hair, tugging and keeping him in place with his mouth around just the head of Achilles' cock.

"I'm too close," he said, his voice tight.

Zagreus hated to pull away but did need to speak, so he weathered it. "Then let me swallow it." Even just saying it had him so close he could feel his cock leaking over the sheets.

Achilles shook his head. "Not the first time, lad. Get me off with your hand and your tongue, I know you can." He cupped Zag's jaw, his thumb gently massaging the hinge where it ached. It felt almost as good as the pressure on Zag's cock did.

Not allowing himself to be distracted for once, Zagreus ducked his head and licked over the head of Achilles' cock as he took up stroking it again. Everything was made so much slicker with his own spit, which should have been gross, but instead just made Zagreus all the more eager to lick the places his fingers weren't currently occupying, his tongue dragging over his own fingertips as he went. He could taste the slight difference between his own skin and Achilles'. He could also taste the salt of Achilles' pre-come and it had him right on the edge, Achilles' constant spill of praise muffled by Zag's own heartbeat thundering in his ears.

Fuck, he was going to come like this, wasn't he?

That thought hit him a second before his orgasm did, and he pulled back from Achilles' cock to gasp out his mentor's name, thoroughly ruining his sheets and not caring about it for a second.

He didn't realize Achilles was coming until he felt the heat and wetness of it across his cheek and lips. This revelation, Zagreus swore, made his own

orgasm last twice as long.

Gods, that was hot. *Why was that hot?*

“Oh,” Zag said, lifting his head to look at Achilles, who had slumped back into a lazy sprawl across the pillows piled up at the head of Zagreus’ bed. “Um.” He wet his lips, accidentally licking up a spatter of Achilles’ come, and, realizing he didn’t mind the taste, thumbed a little more of it off his chin just to see Achilles’ eyes roll back.

“You’re altogether too much,” Achilles said. “And I’ve made quite a mess of you.”

Usually, Achilles planned ahead a bit, had a cloth tucked away somewhere to wipe him off with, but he seemed to have forgotten it in their relative spontaneity this go-around. “I think you like making a mess of me.” Zagreus rolled over, yanking the soiled sheet until it loosened from where it was tucked under the mattress, and scrubbed at his face a bit.

“Lad, do you need me to—“ Achilles began, and it took Zagreus a long moment to discern the end of that sentence. Achilles reached for his hip, and Zagreus understood, and was pleased he’d managed to be so distracting Achilles hadn’t noticed.

“I came,” he said, a little spark of heat in him just from admitting it. “Although, I wouldn’t say no to another round.”

“If I didn’t know you well, I’d say you really were playing hooky, now,” Achilles said, apparently still going on with the charade that he was not helping Zagreus skip out on work.

“Fortunately, you know me well enough to be aware that I’m just this horny naturally,” Zagreus agreed, already reaching for him again.

“I don’t want to get you in trouble with your father,” Achilles said. It was half a lie, in that Achilles, from what Zagreus could tell, certainly wanted to keep going.

“You know I couldn’t care less about that. And I’m not going to get him angry with you for this, so.” He let Achilles turn them so that Zagreus was below him, Achilles’ hair brushing his cheek.

“And what makes you so sure of that?” Achilles asked, leaning in close enough that Zagreus’ response turned into a kiss.

“Because you’re just doing your job.”

Achilles kissed him long enough that Zagreus would have thought he was agreeing, if he didn’t pull away with, “I’m not.”

“What?”

“Teaching you is my job,” Achilles said, ever-so-gently kissing his throat before murmuring, “this isn’t.”

Zagreus damn near asked him to repeat it.

Oh, gods, he thought, pressing his fingers over his mouth so the words wouldn’t get out, *don’t get my hopes up*.

Achilles had to ask him twice to get the oil, dazed as Zagreus was, but he fumbled around on his shelves and found it anyway, already aroused again just from Achilles’ soft mouth pressing against his skin and telling him sweet things he could scarcely allow himself to believe.

As Achilles’ fingers deftly spread him and pushed in, his tongue curled into Zagreus’ mouth. Could he taste himself there?

Kissing Achilles was easy now, but no less wonderful for it—Zagreus found himself craving it, sometimes, even when he was supposed to be focusing on anything else. Now that he was given the chance, he fell into it languorously, letting Achilles swallow all the soft noises he worked from Zagreus with his fingers.

Eager as he had always been, Zagreus went from enjoying the slowness of Achilles’ attentions to needing more. He was hard, sweating, rocking back

on Achilles' fingers, and just when he broke the kiss to beg to be fucked, Achilles urged him onto his side and moved behind him.

He pulled Zagreus tight to his chest, his hips and his cock pressed against Zag's ass, pausing just on the precipice of giving Zagreus what he wanted.

"Yes," Zagreus said, because that was what Achilles was waiting for. "Give it to me, please." That bit was mostly unnecessary, as Achilles was already fucking into him before he finished the first word.

Achilles' hand was against Zagreus' chest, clutching him close. "That's it, love," he said, a slip of the tongue that nearly made Zagreus come. "You take me so well, let me take care of you."

The second round, Zagreus was beginning to discover, never lasted quite as long. Achilles' hand traced down his chest, the ticklish curve of his stomach, and wrapped around his cock, stroking him at nearly the exact pace he fucked him.

"Achilles!"

"Like that, lad. Come for me, let me hear you."

His toes curled and dug into the sheets, and he rocked back onto Achilles' cock, absolutely letting Achilles hear him (and most certainly letting everyone else know how their prince was spending his time off from work).

"Keep going," he said to Achilles, before he was even really finished coming, "I want you in me."

"Zagreus." Achilles said his name like he was cursing. "Oh, my dear, you feel so—"

Zagreus was shaking, either from the overstimulation or the sweet nothings, but Achilles held him close, fucking deep into him one last time before filling him. The tail end of his litany of praise was impossible to hear, his face muffled in Zag's neck and shoulder. Zagreus craned his neck around to try to kiss Achilles, managing mostly to get a mouthful of his hair, and

when they pulled apart, Zagreus was laughing breathlessly, still adamantly maneuvering Achilles into a kiss.

"Gods, I'm not gonna be able to go back to work," he said. "I don't think I can stand."

"Rest, then," Achilles said, stroking Zag's side, wrapping him in an embrace that proved Achilles was planning to rest with him. "I'll make your excuses to your father later."

"Sure, yeah, my excuse is this," Zagreus said, and made a rude gesture.

"Somehow, I don't see that working."

Author's Note:

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